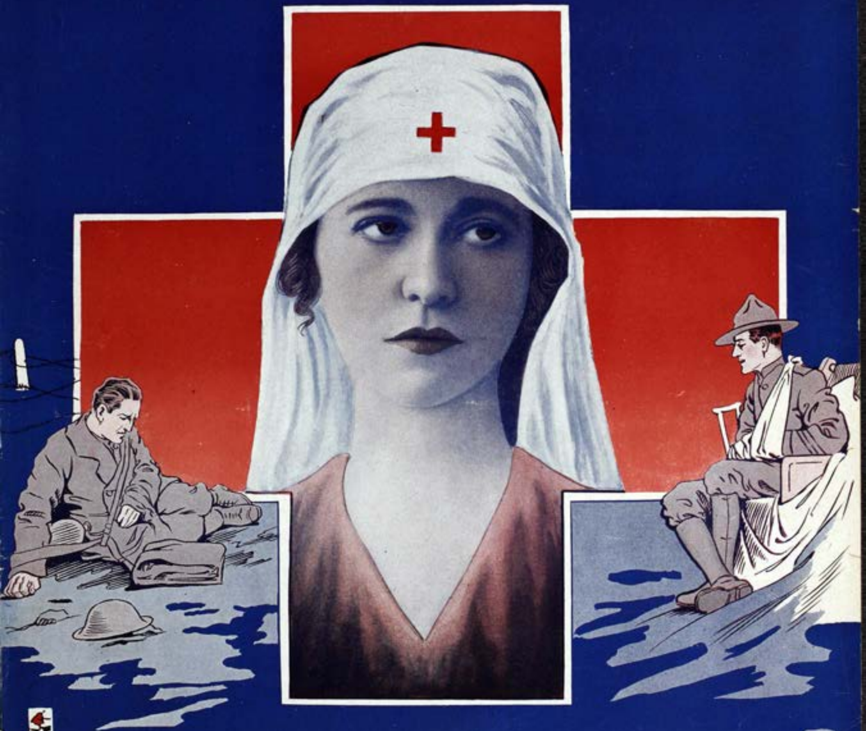
# MY RED CROSS GIRLIE

## THE WOUND IS SOMEWHERE IN MY HEART



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Lyric by
**HARRY BEWLEY**

Music by
**THEODORE MORSE**

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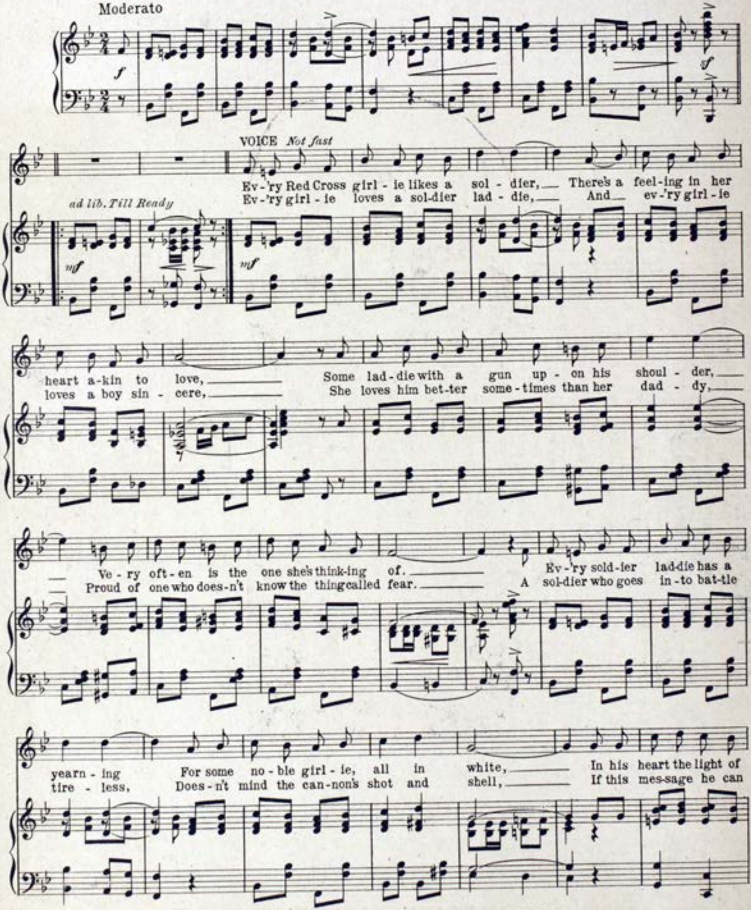
# My Red Cross Girlie

Words by
HARRY BEWLEY

Music by
THEODORE MORSE
*Composer of "M-O-T-H-E-R," "BLUE BELL," etc.*


Moderato
f
sf
VOICE Not fast
ad lib. Till Ready
mf
mf
Ev-'ry Red Cross girl-ie likes a sol-dier, There's a feel-ing in her heart a-kin to love, Some lad-die with a gun up-on his shoul-der, Ve-ry oft-en is the one she's think-ing of. Ev-'ry sold-ier lad-die has a yearn-ing For some no-ble girl-ie, all in white, In his heart the light of
Ev-'ry girl-ie loves a sol-dier lad-die, And ev-'ry girl-ie loves a boy sin-cere, She loves him bet-ter some-times than her dad-dy, Proud of one who does-n't know the thing called fear. A sol-dier who goes in-to bat-tle tire-less, Does-n't mind the can-non's shot and shell, If this mes-sage he can

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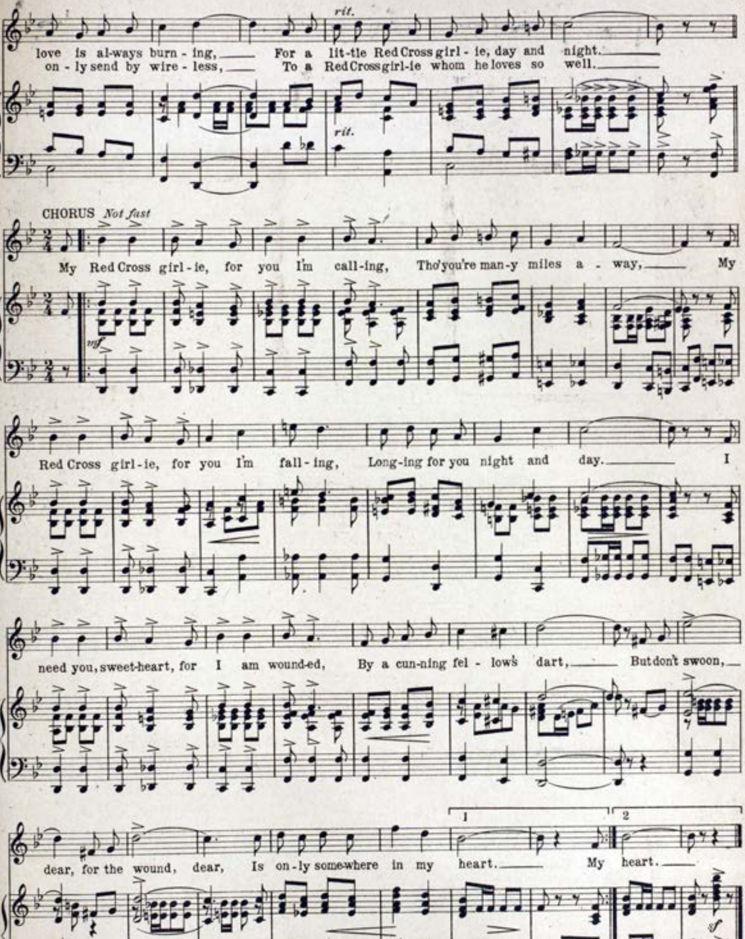
rit.
love is al-ways burn - ing, For a lit-tle Red Cross girl - ie, day and night.
on - ly send by wire - less, To a Red Cross girl-ie whom he loves so well.
rit.
CHORUS Not fast
mf
My Red Cross girl - ie, for you I'm call-ing, Tho' you're man-y miles a - way, My
Red Cross girl - ie, for you I'm fall - ing, Long-ing for you night and day. I
need you, sweet-heart, for I am wound-ed, By a cun-ning fel - low's dart, But don't swoon,
dear, for the wound, dear, Is on - ly some-where in my heart. My heart.
1
2
ff

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# The Four Big Song Hits!

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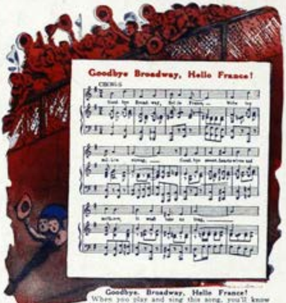
Dec



**Goodbye. Broadway, Hello France!**
When you play and sing this song, you'll know why the regiments on their way to France adopted it as their own. In the language of the boys—"It's got everything." The big hit of the New York Winter Garden and positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reisner, Davis and Baskette.

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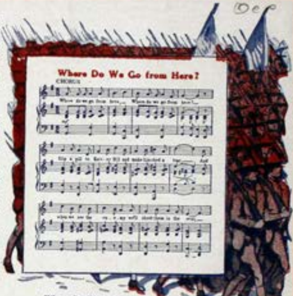
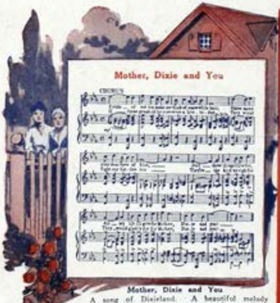

Where Do We Go from Here?
CHORUS

**Where Do We Go From Here?**
Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, who drove a hack"—but Paddy enlisted and his song struck the fancy of the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.



**Mother, Dixie and You**
A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And not a sadly, sentimental song, either, but one that has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly

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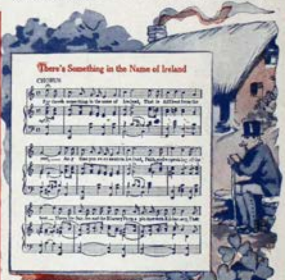
**Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.**
**Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There.**
**Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You.** Greater than ever.


There's Something in the Name of Ireland
CHORUS

**There's Something in the Name of Ireland That the Whole World Seems to Love**
To some Ireland means home, to others it means love, to others it means a race of fighting men. But get this song and you'll get an idea "why" the world loves Ireland. A more beautiful melody hasn't been written in years. By Howard Johnson and Milton Ager.

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